Granny's Stone Artist: Éireál

Sunday morning chapel bells are calling through the glen
I smooth my dress and fix my hair, then then walk the lane again
Past Breslin's gate and down the hill where morning mist still clings
My heart beats fast, I wonder if he'll if he'll notice anything
The prayerbook shakes between my hands as Father Dordy speaks
I steal a glance across the pew, feel the colour in my cheeks
His eyes are brown like autumn leaves, his hands so strong and kind
I try to pray but lose the words, he's he's always on my mind

Chorus
Oh Granny, can you hear me now beside beside your weathered stone
I trace his name into the earth when I'm here alone
The wind knows all my secrets and the grass beneath my feet
This feeling growing in my chest makes every thing complete

My sisters laugh when I come home with with flowers in my hair
They say I'm walking different now, with with dreaming in my stare
"She's thinking of young Owen.," Eileen whispers with a grin
I blush and turn away from them, but a but a smile grows from within
We carry on through evening chores, their teasing light and sweet
They know the way my heart-skips when when his name and mine they meet
I don't mind their gentle words, they see what I can't hide
This tender ache that's blooming now, this joy I feel inside

[Chorus:
Oh Granny, can you hear me now beside your weathered stone
I trace his name into the earth when I'm here alone
The wind knows all my secrets and the grass beneath my feet
This feeling growing in my chest makes every-thing complete

The hay smells sweet in summer fields where we used to play.
Now when he takes my hand, to help me to help me cross the stream
I hold it just a moment more than friendship's way
And I wonder if he feels it too, this waking dream.

Chorus:
Oh Granny, can you hear me now beside your weathered stone
Oh Granny ..... **© Owen Brennan 2025**

Granny's Stone - Song notes

A gentle Irish folk ballad, sung with tender innocence. Through the young girl's voice, the song traces chapel bells, family teasing, and secret daydreams whispered to her grandmother's grave.

It is a story of first love - shy glances, brushed hands, and the ache of longing woven into the rhythms of rural life. The narrator kneels by Granny's stone to confess what cannot yet be spoken aloud, feeling both cursed and blessed.

Oh Granny is the personalised version, the actual names have been left in.

These songs and my book and other material can be found at: Owen Brennan Archive
https://archive.org/details/@owen_brennan_archive